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The Elm



The Elm

Presented by

The Class of 1949

FORWARD

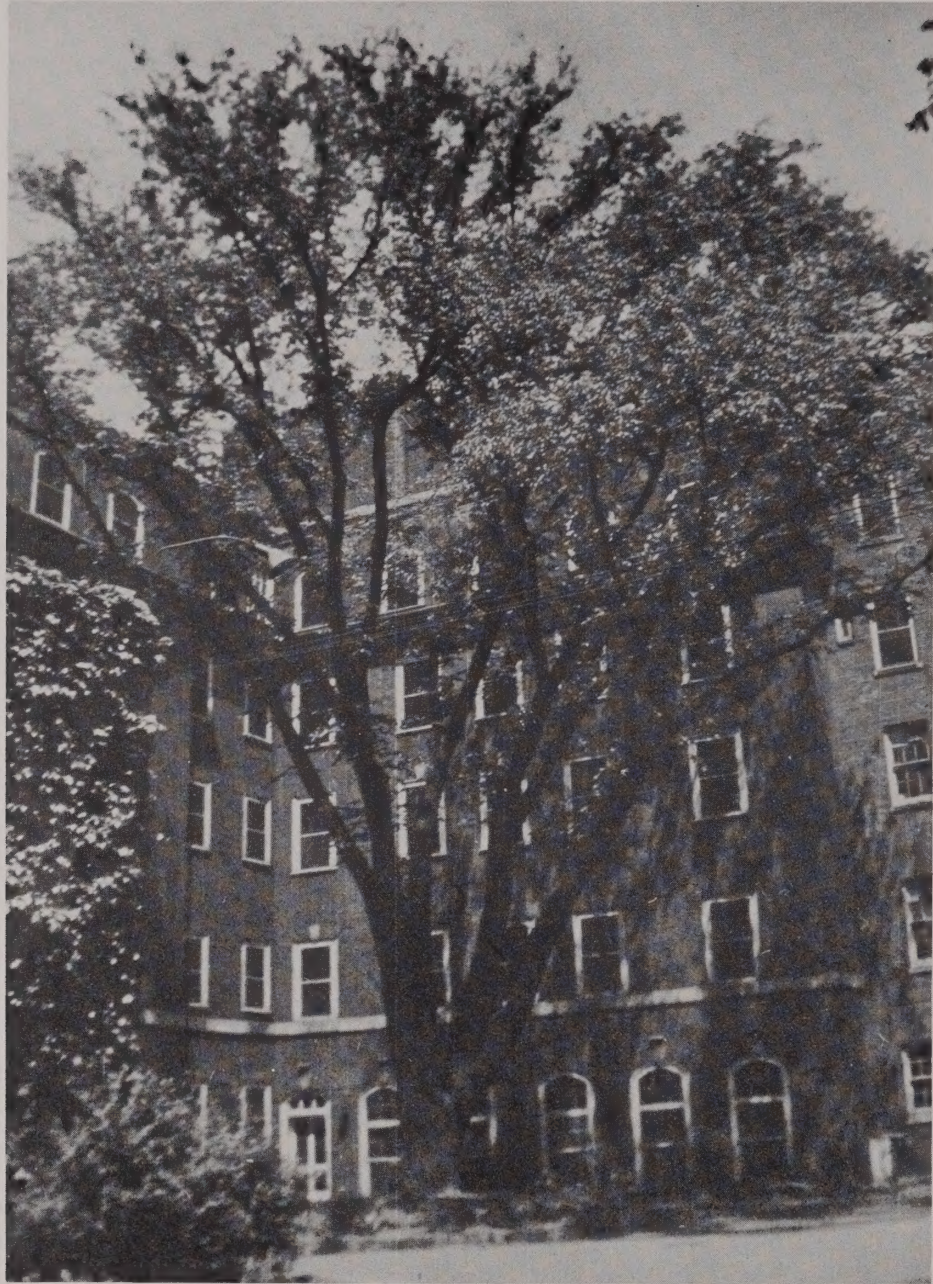
The class of 1949 chose "growth" as the theme of THE ELM. This growth of the students during their three years of nurses training is compared to the growth of an elm throughout the book. The motto of this class is:

"WE BUILD THE LADDER BY WHICH WE CLIMB."

Read carefully this book for only then can you understand how we grew; and through the years to come those following will grow, for the beginning of the ladder which we climb is on the following pages, the hospital itself and all the associates.

ELM STAFF

Editor.....	Emogene Aust
Business Manager.....	Mary Davy
Circulation Manager.....	Shirley MacCormick
Advertising Manager.....	Gerane Sass
Feature Editor.....	Shirley Kaysen
Make Up.....	Betty Herman
Photography.....	Arbutus Smith
	Colleen Swihart
Advisors.....	Elizabeth Snyder
	Marie Carter



THE ELM

SALUTE TO THE TREE

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit
Some for the shelter against the storm.
And some to keep the hearth stone warm
Some for a roof and some for a beam
And some for a boat to breast the stream
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The tree has offered their gift to man.

But the glory of the tree is more than their gift
It's a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth bound clod
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dame of delight
A shrine of song and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth
They shelter the dwellings of man, and they
Bend o'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I've camped in the whispering forests of pine
I've slept in the shadows of olives and vines,
In the knees of an Oak at the root of the palm
I've found good rest and slumbering balm,
And now when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted Elm at the door of my house
I open my window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches, and feed thy root
Thou has lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

-----Henry Van Dyke

The elm tree of Memorial Hospital has its place in the history of the hospital. Having seen and watched through the years, it would be a wonderful thing if this tree could speak.

What would it say to the nurses whose tasks are over? It would say at least the following words; "You are one of many who have gone through long hours of duty and constant studying. At times you felt depressed and at times you were very happy. At times you were ready to give up but kept struggling forward, leaving the weak behind. You have had three years of knowledge, and now that you are leaving, you have a feeling of regret and feel that all is finished. But it isn't finished for you now have the opportunity to carry on from here as the many others before you have done."

So the elm tree would speak as it continues to stand, a symbolic sentinel of the present, with the knowledge of the past, and the strength of the future.

Dedication



TO MOM AND DAD

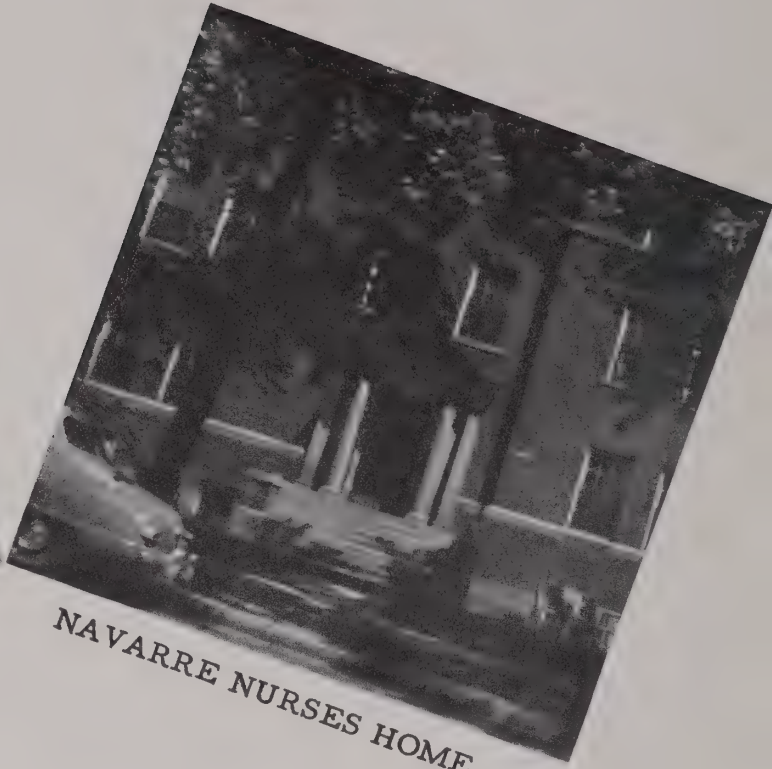
Whose painstaking guidance and
encouragement through life made
our profession, of nursing, possible.



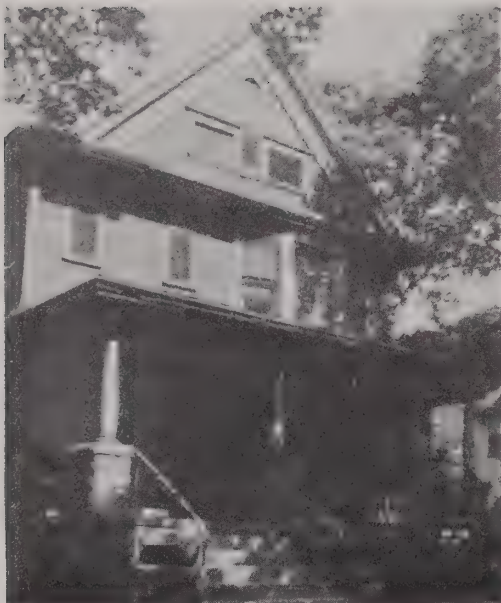
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NAVARRE NURSES HOME



ZELTNER HOME



MADDOX HOME

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Administrator



Miss Elsie Norman, R.N.
Director of Nurses



Miss Zola Zehner, R. N.
Ass't. Director of Nurses



Mrs. A. Duncan, R.N.
Shift Supervisor



Miss Marguerite Mayes, R.N. Miss Audrey Booth, R.N.
Night Supervisor



Miss Marie Carter, R.N.



Mrs. Catherine Friddle, R.N.
School of Nursing



Miss Clara Waln, R.N.
School of Nursing

WE BUILD THE LADDER BY WHICH WE CLIMB

It was J. G. Holland who said, "Heaven is not reached at a single bound, but we build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and we mount to its' summit round by round."

Class of 1949, you have been building round by round your professional ladder for the past three years. Some have been better builders, others better climbers. But to all your ladders have been much the same because of prescribed courses; yet to each the ladder has been different. To all of you the aspirations have been the same; namely, completion and receiving the symbols of achievement - the pin and the diploma of the School. Then the passing of state board examinations and state registration.

At present some of you no doubt feel that with the thrill of commencement exercises and the last day of training it will mean "finish". The aims and objectives will have been accomplished; to others it will mean the beginning. But to all of you nursing will always be a learned art which has prepared you to serve better and to live fuller than you otherwise could.

The past three years has not been easy - nursing is not an easy profession. It means self-sacrifice, self-denial and holding on when it seems as though there is nothing to hold to. However, by so doing you have built your ladder by which you have risen.

Whether you choose to continue your professional ladder or the ladder of life, I sincerely hope that you will always maintain an interest in nursing. May you always be ready and willing to give of your service unselfishly when service is needed.

Class of 1949, I leave you with the rounds of the Memorial ladder, your Alma Mater, which Miss Waln gave to you at your Senior Faculty dinner (with her permission):—

M.....Mercy, a kindly pity for the needs of others.

E.....Enthusiasm, which brought you into nursing and gave you Energy to continue.

M.....Motive, which is worthy and strong and has thus far swept you along

O.....Ordeal, Obliging and Optimistic and Observing eye.

R.....Religion, which through the ages, has been the controlling "Drive" to influence many to choose the field. Or R - Resolute Purpose?

I.....Ideals - standards by which you are guided and toward which you direct yourself and others.

A.....Altruism - a characteristic shown by all at times, but shown by nurses, particularly - sacrifice of self in the interest of others.

L.....Loyalty to principles, persons of your profession, and most of all, to yourself. "To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

To each of you my sincere wish is that you continue to build well your ladder by which you climb, advance cautiously but surely so that you may have a richer, fuller and satisfying life.

July 6, 1949 . . .

. . .Elsie Norman



DOCTORS



RESIDENT STAFF

Freshman





Class of 1951

Juniors





Class of 1950

Seniors



Class Officers

GENEVIEVE LIGGETT
President



SHIRLEY KAYSEN
Vice President



MARY DAVY
Secretary-Treasurer



MEMORIAL Hospital
Navarre Street Nurses Home
South Bend, Indiana

Hi Mom and Dad:

Well, those three long years will soon be over and that crisp white uniform will replace my faded and worn blue stripes. Why, it seems as if it were only yesterday you deposited me on the front doorstep of Parker House and entrusted me in Cubbie's care.

September 8, 1946, what a day! Twenty-three personalities rushing about looking each other over, then off to the party our "Big Sisters" had planned. That evening in the "Rec Room" we were acquainted with the hospital routine. And the following days, how we struggled through eight hours of tests, received our books, and those bright blue striped uniforms. We looked so nice with our black cotton stockings and shoes and those hairnets * # † * § * !

How could I forget those first assignments in the hospital! I cleaned a linen closet and helped in the workroom. They fairly sparkled when we finished. Then the other section of the class did the same thing. Yes, the hospital was really cleaned by the "Probies", who referred to ourselves as the "Gray Duster Brigade".

Somehow we always seemed to do something exciting. We were always short-sheeting someone, setting the clock ten minutes ahead before Chemistry class (it worked), enjoying shows the night before that final, getting together to soak our tired feet, stuffing ourselves at the S.S., and having little get-togethers after hours, not to mention that watermelon which was given to us, the broken (?) bed we fooled Cubbie with, the almost "strip-tease" she interrupted, the doorknobs we greased on April Fool's Day, and the fuses that burned out (we really unscrewed the lightbulbs).

At first, the long list of classes was discouraging, but as time went by they were all completed---some with flying colors. From Nursing Arts we learned the procedures of our future work and then tried them out on each other. Nutrition class saw us on a tour of the local dairy and bakery; and from Diet Therapy we discovered others do survive our cooking. Psychology taught us to a better understanding of ourselves, and from Anatomy we will always remember dissecting Elmira, the pig. Oh yes, here we discovered Elmer the skeleton was really Eleanor---thanks to Dr. Stiver. Mathematics we discovered under the title of "Drugs and Solutions", and who will ever forget Pharmacology, the one and only class we started three times.

Following the tea for our Mothers given by our Big Sisters, we elected our class officers. Darlene Parks was President, Genny Petley became Vice-President, and Pat Morrical was Secretary-Treasurer. We chose Miss Carter as our sponsor, the American Beauty Rose as our flower, blue and silver as our colors, and later "The Lord's Prayer" as our song, and "We build the ladder by which we climb" as our motto.

Suddenly we found our "Probie Days" were over and it was time for our Big Sisters to graduate. Then it was March 9, 1947, and the day of capping. We were so proud of our new caps that it was hard sleeping that night. Here's where we said good-by to Miss Cheek and wished her success in the University.

Our first vacation was over and it was June 1, 1947. We're wearing white shoes and hose now and it means cleaning them every night instead of once a month. August found us moving to the Navarre Nurses Home and leaving Parker House to the new students.

Classes started again and we re-elected officers: President-Genny Liggett, Vice-President-Genny Petley, and Secretary-Treasurer-Shirley MacCormick, Corresponding Secretary-Emogene Aust and at this time chose our class pins. Our new Director, Miss Norman, arrived about here.

By this time everyone was familiar with Night Duty and acquainted with Miss Mayes and her T L.C., F.U.O., and N.Y.D. Can any student forget a rare call from her to "check all rooms (empty ones too) and baths for a lost patient and report back immediately"?

Everyone was entering special services. In the Diet Kitchen we learned to figure and weigh diabetic diets, to cook salt-free(?) food, and make formulas. Pediatrics taught us the care of children, specially tepid sponges and Kenny packs. Who can forget all those 6:55 A.M. TandA's. We know Two B by the men's wards and Three B by the women's ward. Two C taught us efficiency and isolation technique. Three C gave us a variety of surgical patients, while Central Supply found us properly cleaning and sterilizing syringes and caring for blood donors. On Fourth floor we found very dull pins when pinning binders. We learned the meanings of "Station O", "Head engaged", and "Crowning" in Obstetrics. The Nursery taught us to feed Baby, change Baby and here's where we discovered that Baby doesn't break. Surgery found us in gown, mask, turbin, and gloves, struggling with French needles, suture, and tissue forceps. Practical jokes were usually pulled while on call. The neck tourniquet, left-handed needle holder, and appendix locator were a few of those strange requests from the doctors. While in the Emergency Room we discovered things aren't really so bad as they seem, and Fifth floor gave us that one and only hospital length corridor, and what a "run way"!

The first half of my Senior Year will be remembered by Dr. Balla's lectures in Psychiatry (wish they could have lasted longer); our trip to Marion, Indiana; and our dance, the Starlite Serenade at the Indiana Club. About this time we discovered that first small tear in our uniform---another proof of being a senior. Now it's up to us to assume the responsibilities of Chapel instead of just attending. Another election put Genny Liggett back as President, Shirley Kaysen in as Vice-President, and Mary Davy as Secretary-Treasurer.

The yearly "Probie" Halloween party was over; and we decorated the tree for the school's Christmas party. Santa came with a gift for all and as the evening passed he had a slight accident---ptosis of the abdomen, I believe. We gave another skating party, which was an annual affair, and then classes were over. That was March, 1949, and we started our vacations. We were measured for those long awaited school uniforms to be worn in June.

June brought all the senior activities. The 8th found us at Alby's with our Head Nurses and Faculty eating steak-delicious steak-the kind which can be cut with a fork. Miss Waln gave an inspiring talk about our motto and the letters in Memorial. And such a sweet rose we each received.

Remember graduation on June 10th? How nice all of us looked in our new crisp white uniforms and how proud we were after we received our school pins and diplomas, then recited the Florence Nightengale pledge. Maybe you didn't notice but I popped all my buttons from sheer happiness, and from the way you looked, didn't you do the same?

The next Tuesday, June 14th to be exact, the Alumnae Association gave a banquet in our honor. The chicken and strawberry shortcake was so good at the Mayfair Inn and the rose corsage and thermometer will always be remembered.

June 17th we had our graduation dance, the Summer Swerl, at the Indiana Club and what fun everyone had before the dance at Johnny's. That completed our Senior activities.

Summer saw more beach parties, sun bathing on the sunporch, popsicles, walks to the park and a mad rush to start our yearbook. Now it's almost time to relinquish my faded and worn blues. It's rather hard to put in words how much your constant faith and understanding has meant these last three years. All I can say is thanks for your courage and help which has made these wonderful memories possible.

With love,

Your Daughter

P O R T R A I T S

by James J. Metcalfe

"LADY IN WHITE"

She tends the needs and comforts of. . .
A world with sickness fraught. . .And fosters
peace and happiness. . .In feeling and in thought. . .
Unselfishly she tries to soothe. . .And ease the slightest
pain. . .And usher in the sunshine when. . .The skies begin to
rain. . .An angel spreading mercy in. . .The darkness healing
light. . .Returning strength to flesh fatigued. . .And to the
weary mind. . .She is the albatross that guides. . .The storm-
encircled ships. . .And she is every smile that parts. . .
A youngster's pallid lips.

Courtesy of the Author, the South Bend Tribune and
the Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate.



"Lorrie"

LORRAINE ARCH
South Bend, Indiana



"Imie"

EMOGENE AUST
Michigan City, Indiana



"Phyll"

PHYLLIS BROCK
Edwardsburg, Michigan



Mary

MARY DAVY
Elkhart, Indiana



"Marty"

MARTHA GARD
Coloma, Michigan



Betty

BETTY HERMAN
Buchanan, Michigan



Johnnie

ANNA MARIE JOHNSON
South Bend, Indiana



Carol

CAROL KASER
Plymouth, Indiana



"Casey"

SHIRLEY KAYSEN
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"Genny"

GENEVIEVE LIGGETT
North Liberty, Indiana



"Mac"

SHIRLEY MacCORMICK
South Bend, Indiana



"Pat"

PATRICIA MORRICAL
South Bend, Indiana



"Dal"

DARLENE PARKS
Greenfield, Indiana



"Gerry"

GERANE SASS
South Bend, Indiana



"Smitty"

ARBUTUS SMITH
South Bend, Indiana



Swihart

COLLEEN SWIHART
Elkhart, Indiana

C L A S S W I L L

We, the Class of 1949 of Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, South Bend, Indiana, being of sound (?) mind, do hereby bequeath the following:

I, LORRAINE ARCH, will my rag curls to Buela Fry.

I, IMIE AUST, will my ability to come in on the end of a joke to Frances Hocker.

I, PHYLLIS BROCK, will my vivaciousness to Bonnie Moneyhoffer.

I, MARY DAVY, will my orange crates book cases to the next occupant of my room.

I, MARTHA GARD, will my ability to hide people in the closet to Marlee Cooper.

I, BETTY HERMAN, will my artistic ability, drawing, and dancing to Dorothy Rydzinski.

I, ANNA MARIE JOHNSON, will my ability to get stuck in the elevator to anyone on surgery call.

I, CAROL KASER, will my ability to dance with Dr. Balla to Bertha Schmucker.

I, SHIRLEY KAYSEN, will my ability to get Night Duty to anyone who wants it.

I, GENNY LIGGETT, will my deep freeze unit (Room 18) to anyone who likes frost-bitten toes in the morning.

I, SHIRLEY MacCORMICK, will my cocoanut, in all it's glory, to Mary Lou Weiss.

I, PAT MORRICAL, will my knitting needles to Jo Spry.

I, DARLENE PARKS, will my ability to be cover girl to the class of '51.

I, GERRY SASS, will my position in the burp club to Jeanne Hays.

I, ARBUTUS SMITH, will my reserved seat in room 152 to whom ever has an opportunity to use it.

I, COLLEEN SWIHART, will my photography business to Jean Spencer.

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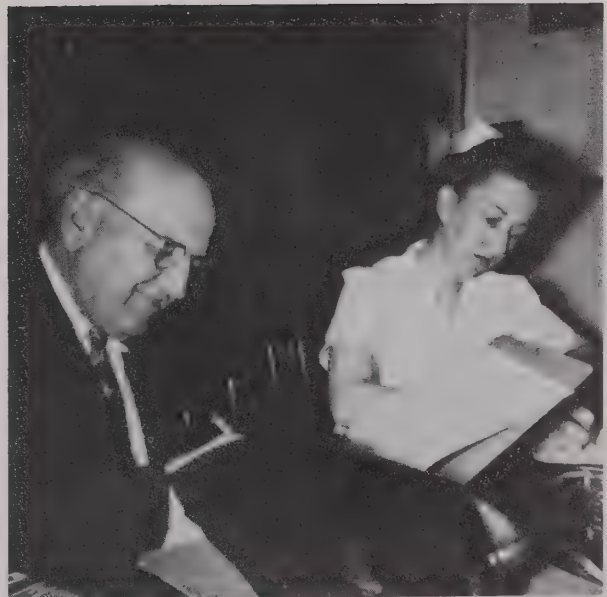
Mrs. V. Podell, R.N.
Clinical Instructor

28

Medical Service



Mrs. Butt, R.N.
Supervisor



20

Medical Service



Miss Snyder, R.N.
Clinical Instructor



Miss Rogers, R.N.
Supervisor



3C

Surgical Service



Mrs. Ray, R.N.
Supervisor



Miss V. Williamson, R.N.
Clinical Instructor



38

Surgical Service



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Supervisor



Mrs. Irwin, R.N.
Supervisor

Central Supply Room



Fourth Floor



Miss Fairchild, R.N.
Supervisor



Obstetrics



Mrs. Bukowski, R.N.
Acting Supervisor



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Miss G. Tillman, R.N.
Supervisor



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Medical and Surgical



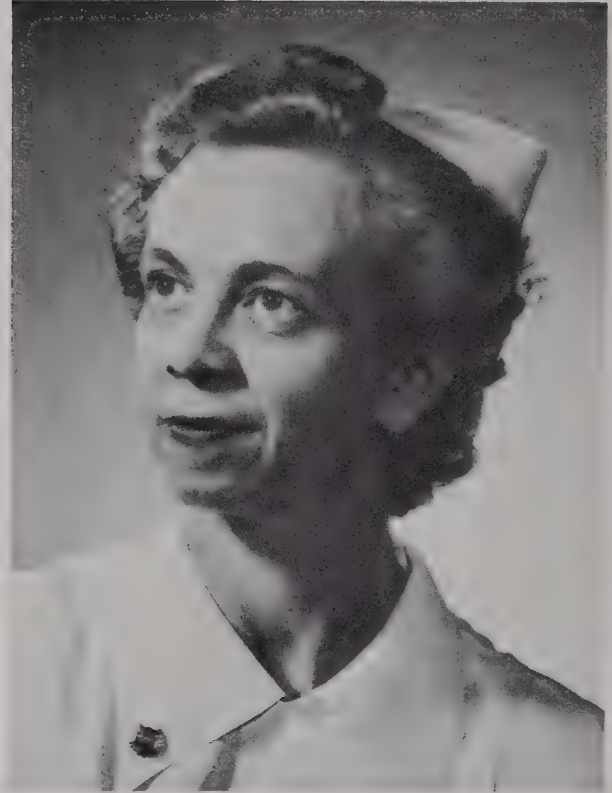
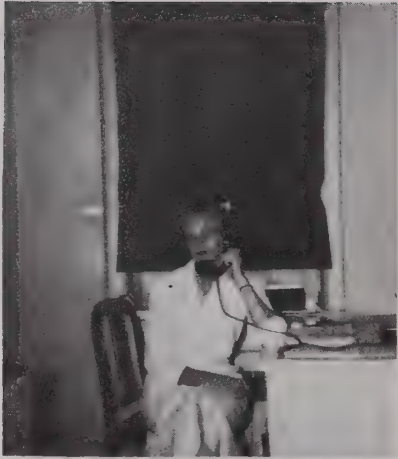
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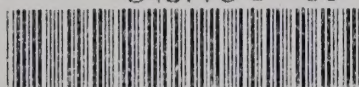
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